

TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1919

Give Russia a Government Like U. S.—Food and Work Would Save Nation Throttled By Bolshevik Organized Robbery

SAYS COUNTESS WITTE

Russia Tremendously Rich and Has Great Possibilities of Future Development, but Intervention by Allies May Be Needed—Bolsheviks Only Murderers, and They Dominate Soviets.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

COUNTESS WITTE, widow of the wisest man in Russia, herself born of the people, yet for years the most remarkable, influential and intelligent woman in Russian political circles, believes—

That the Bolsheviks are synonymous with murderers.

That their rule is the rule of organized robbery.

That no help is in the Soviets, since they are dominated by the Bolsheviks.

That Russia is in great need of food and of work.

That in parts of Russia the nationalization of women has been decreed, as reported.

That the country should have a stable Government—whether a republic such as that of the United States or France, or a constitutional monarchy such as that of England.

That probably intervention by the Allies will be needed to save Russia.

That it is a tremendously rich and wonderful country, with great possibilities of future development.

"The creator of new Russia," the late Count Sergius Witte has been called, and mightily is the tale of his achievements. He was his country's first Prime Minister, and was responsible for the Czar's concessions to the liberal element in 1906, to the extent of creating the Duma and a Cabinet. Count Witte is generally admitted to have out-generalled the Japanese diplomats in the peace conference held at Portsmouth, N. H., after the Russo-Japanese War. As Minister of Finance, he established the gold standard. While the Portsmouth peace negotiations were pending he discovered a secret agreement for offensive and defensive alliance between Russia and Germany, although even then Russia was ostensibly the ally of France, and by threatening to withhold his signature to the Russo-Japanese treaty he succeeded in having annulled this treacherous hidden pact—an act for which he was never forgiven by either the Kaiser or the Czar.

He was a remarkable prophet. In March, 1914, six months before the opening of the great war, he said: "Only the first act of the Balkan affair has been played. It is now the intermission, which may last for years or perhaps only for months."

At the same time he said that the peace of Europe was no peace, but economic war, since 40 per cent. of the outlay of the nations went into war preparation. He added some sentences strangely portentous in the light of present events:

"When I call to mind the gold and work thus dissipated in smoke and sound, and compare that picture with the other—villagers with drawn, pallid faces, men and women and dimly conscious children perishing slowly and painfully of hunger—I begin to ask myself whether human culture and the white man, who personifies it, are not tending toward an end, and, turning in another direction, I behold the Anarchists and Socialists springing up in regions made desolate by this modern method."

"When and how will it all end? Unless the great states which set this hideous example agree to call a halt, so to say, and knit their subjects into a pacific, united Europe, war is the only issue I can perceive, and when I say war I mean a conflict which will surpass in horror the most brutal armed conflicts known in human history, and entail distress more widespread and more terrible than living men can realize."

Count Witte lived to see a part of his prophecy come true. His wife died of influenza in March, 1918. His widow told me yesterday that there was no truth in the rumors that he had committed suicide or had been murdered by his political opponents.

Now she has come to America, her fortune destroyed and swept away—"all—out"—she declares, with extensive outflowing hands, in the disorders of the past few years. She is a personality hardly less remarkable than her late husband, whose confidence and counsel she was. Born a Jewess, in the province of Odessa, she was received at the most exclusive court in the world, and she is reputed to have exercised more influence in political affairs than any other woman outside the imperial family.

In her youth she called her "La Belle Matilde." When she received me yesterday in her suite at the Plaza I saw a woman of medium height, with a rounded, matronly figure, a crown of splendid gray hair, and eyes of a warm golden brown.

Unlike most mature European women, Countess Witte uses no makeup, at least in the daytime. She has a wide, humorous mouth, very white, even teeth, a strongly moulded chin and lower jaw. She was dressed in a plain, closely-fitting black gown, yet beneath the simplicity the almost caressing friendliness, one felt force, intelligence and a disillusioned common sense.

She was especially anxious that our conversation should not be called an "interview," as she has denied herself consistently to the newspapers since her arrival. "But I could not refuse to see you," she said, in her charming, soft voice, "since to me American women have been so kind, so amiable." And she consented to answer a few questions, and to speak briefly of conditions in Russia. Her English is clear, but there are not too many words of it. "So do not call it an interview," she begged, smilingly.

"What of the Bolsheviks?" was, of course, my first question.

"The Bolsheviks, they are murderers," she replied. "I would like to take any father, any mother, any sister to Russia, and show them what the Bolsheviks there do to fathers, to mothers, to sisters. They kill. No woman, even, is safe."

"Is it true that the nationalization of women has been ordered?"

An emphatic nod of assent. "That, too, they do."

"Why do not the people cast off the rule of the Bolsheviks?"

Countess Witte spoke rapidly a mixture of French and English I could not follow. Then she said more slowly:

"The people must live. There is no work. There is little food. The Bolsheviks, they say it is right to rob."

She leaned forward and gently plucked my blouse between thumb and finger. "I am a Bolshevik!—then I say—I like your blouse. I want your blouse. You must give it to me. Also your chain. What I see—what I want—I take that. It is mine."

She added that she believes eventually the soldiers, the officers and the women will rise against the Bolsheviks. I asked her if she saw any hope in the Soviets. She shrugged a negative, explaining, "they, too, are in the hands of the Bolsheviks."

"Was the Kerensky Government better than the present state of affairs?"

Another shrug. "Better—but no good."

"What sort of government would you like to see set up in Russia?"

"Something strong, firm—a government like that of the United States, or of France, or of England. Russia is so large a country there may be several governments. Will royalty ever come back? I do not know. Will Admiral Kolchak set up a firm government? I think he is a good man—I hear so. But I do not know."

"Russia is a rich country, a wonderful country, with great possibilities. Now it needs food, it needs work—there is no work any one can do. To help it I think the Allies must intervene—it would seem so. But Russia—who knows about Russia?" A shrug of the shoulders finished the fragmentary little talk.

And who does know about the future of this "most distressed country?" I thought as I came away, if Countess Witte has only a shrug—and a sigh?

WITH THE INVENTORS.

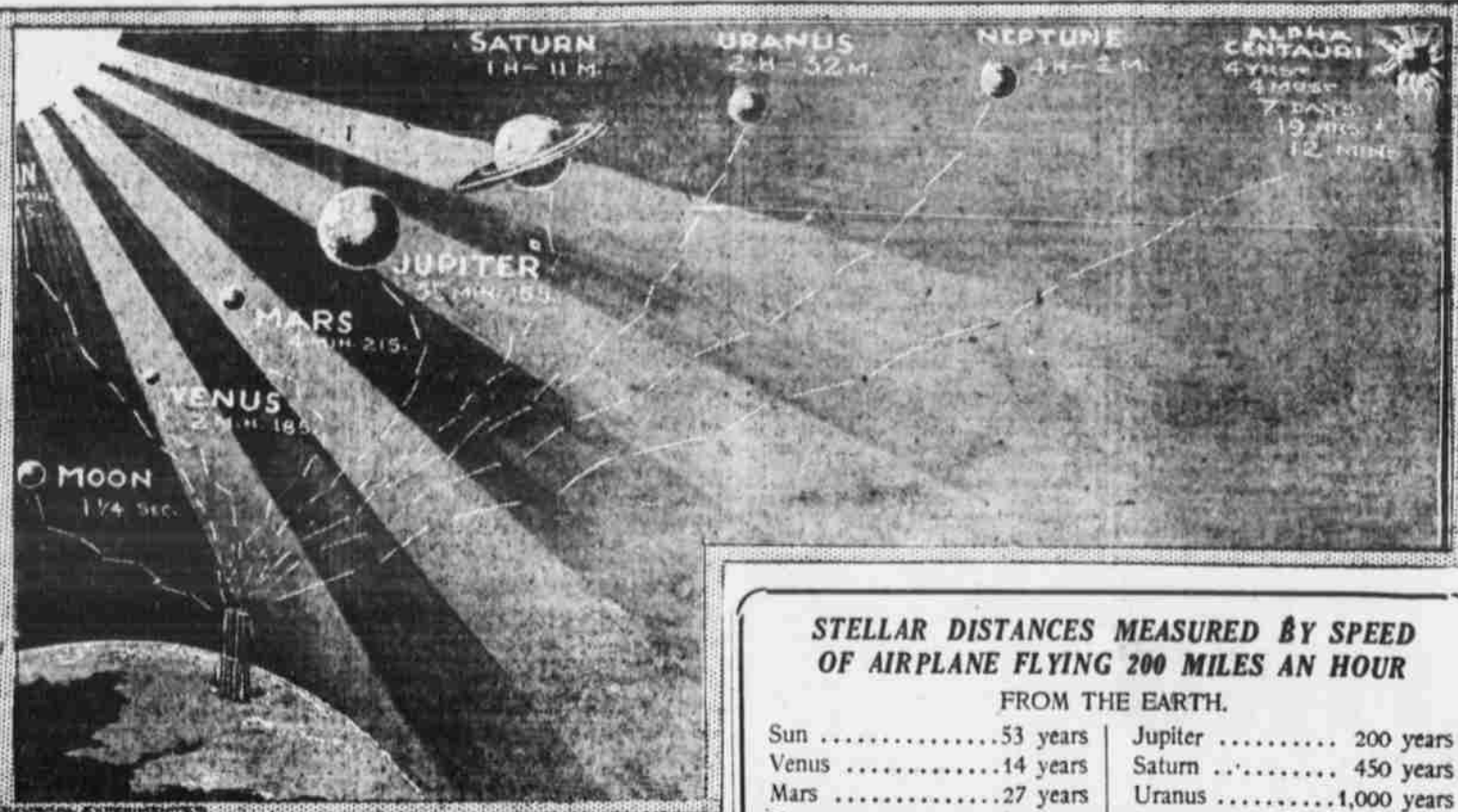
As an addition to the pocket billiard table, a Pennsylvanian has patented an electrical device which, when a ball enters a pocket, starts a hand spinning on a dial, the number on which the hand stops being added to a player's score.

The Evening World Daily Magazine

IF We Could "Radio" to the Planets---

Our Message Would Reach Venus in 2 Minutes,
But Would Take 4 Hours to Get to Neptune
And Over 4 Years to Reach Next Star Beyond.

Would Take 200-Mile-an-Hour Airplane 1,500 Years to Neptune; 14,500,000 Years to Alpha Centauri, Next Stellar Stop.



STELLAR DISTANCES MEASURED BY SPEED OF AIRPLANE FLYING 200 MILES AN HOUR FROM THE EARTH.

Sun	53 years	Jupiter	200 years
Venus	14 years	Saturn	450 years
Mars	27 years	Uranus	1,000 years
Mercury	32 years	Neptune	1,500 years

From Neptune to nearest star beyond, airplane would have to travel 14,500,000 years—a distance light would traverse in four and one-third years.

moon in seven weeks. But to park on the sun would require a trip lasting 53 years.

After travelling for fourteen and a fraction years we would pass the orbit of Venus and eighteen years later the orbit of Mercury. If we preferred to travel outward from the earth in the direction of Mars and the outer planets instead of toward the sun, more than twenty-seven years would elapse before the orbit of Mars would be crossed. An airplane journey to Jupiter would be a matter of more than 200 years, to Saturn 450 years, to Uranus nearly 1,000 years and to Neptune about 1,500 years. To cross the solar system on the diameter of Neptune's orbit would be a journey of more than 3,000 years. When our airplane reaches Neptune after a journey of 1,500 years, it is, as it were, just clearing the ground for its flight to the stars. To cover the intervening space to the nearest star, travelled by light in four and a

third years, an airplane would require 14,500,000 years.

With all this knowledge at hand it ought to be comparatively easy to figure out how long it would take to get to the moon if the B. R. T. ran that far.

INDIANS AND INDIANS.

M. PACKINGTON of Chicago, visiting in New York, was introduced to a lady as from that growing town.

"Ah," she smiled, with the keen cynicism of the effete East. "From Chicago? I suppose you have Indians out there?"

"Yes, madam, some," he replied humbly.

"Ah! Aren't you afraid of being scalped?"

"Not now, madam; not now," he responded, with profound sincerity. "I was, before I came to New York, but having been skinned as I have by these New York Indians, I consider scalping by our Chicago breed as a mere bagatelle."

Then there was a hush in the conversation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What to Do Until The Doctor Comes

By Charlotte C. West, M. D.

Series of Articles Written Especially for The Evening World
Cut Out and Save in Your Home

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

OBJECTS LODGED IN EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT

WHAT should be done when a foreign body, such as a piece of steel, lodges in the eye-ball? Nothing. Eye specialists say they are frequently forced to remove an injured eye that has been destroyed by meddling onlookers attempting to remove the fragment with dirty toothpicks, ends of matches, rusty pocket knives and the like. In case of an accident of this kind cover the eye with a protective bandage and hurry the patient to the nearest hospital. Here, under X-ray exposure, the object is located, a magnet applied, the foreign body removed and the eye saved.

Foreign bodies are sometimes swallowed and become fixed in the throat or gullet; dental plates, artificial teeth, large chunks of food, fruit stones, rings, a bone, in fact anything that can be taken into the mouth. Fright causes an immediate train of disastrous symptoms, such as choking, suffocation, that may end fatally unless quickly allayed. Keep cool. If happening to a child under no circumstances show fear or anxiety. Bones, teeth, rings and the like can be rescued by depressing the tongue and "fishing" out the offender with a hook. A buttonhook has been employed by me for this purpose when nothing was nearer at hand.

The crooked finger sometimes answers well. Masses of food may be gently pushed down the gullet by means of olive oil and a whalebone. In the absence of a bougie, a tiny sponge may be securely fastened to the end of a whalebone and carefully passed beyond the obstruction; the sponge, on becoming moist from the fluids of the gullet, is then gently withdrawn, bringing the foreign substance with it. These measures should be employed until the arrival of a physician or the patient reaches the hospital, as tracheotomy is sometimes an imperative necessity in this accident.

When a little child swallows a foreign body inversion of the youngster, gently shaking him from side to side the while, will usually "spill out" the offending object. Never hesitate to invert the patient, hanging him by

the ankles, as it were; a sharp slap on the back of an inverted child often causes instant expulsion of the foreign matter.

Children sometimes place a bean, button or other object in the ear. Now, almost all foreign bodies can be removed by means of a douche, using a syringe, so that a stream of some force (not too great) may be secured. The patient should be placed on his side so that the ear containing the object is lowest, so facilitating its removal. Now, the nature of the foreign body is important to know, because seeds, beans and the like quickly absorb water, swell up and clog the canal, therefore any astrigent, such as alcohol, must be used (vinegar, or liquor of any kind will do).

Never probe in the ear to remove anything—as serious injury to the drum may result. Remember the admonition of a famous aurist:

"Do not put anything smaller than the elbow in the ear."

Wash hard objects like buttons out with a stream of water.

Insects may crawl in the ear and cause distressing symptoms. Fill the ear with olive oil, which suffocates the invader and at once floods him out. Should he be very lively, use a mixture of chloroform and olive oil.

Larvae have been deposited in the ear of a stuporous person; on hitching, agonizing symptoms occur. The insects may be killed at once with a mixture of oil of turpentine and sweet oil, 1 to 10—then expel with hot-water douchings.

When a button, seed or similar object has lodged in the nostril close the other one tightly with the finger and blow the nose violently. A child has not sufficient force to do this for himself, therefore place your open mouth over that of the child, whose head is depressed, and tilted to the side of the plugged up nostril, you "blow" the other way. Now close the empty nostril and blow powerfully into the child's mouth, so making a blow-pipe of the combination. The object, unless it has been in situ for days and become deeply embedded, will shoot out without any difficulty.

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

Look It Up

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

SUCCESS is in large measure the matter of convincing the other fellow. And this holds good all along the line, as, for example, between defendant's counsel and court, salesman and storekeeper, writer and editor, editor and reader, politician and public, preacher and populace. When you've brought the other fellow round to your point of

view, when you've made him think as you think and see things as you see them, then the next, most natural and simplest thing in the world is to win your case, to make your sale, to give impetus to communal action, to elect your man or to make men better men.

'And it is words—words as messengers, go-betweens, private secretaries and vehicles of communication—which are the instrument of progress, the real source of force and triumphant power. Too often words conceal instead of convey thought. People do not appreciate the potency of expression. They fail to make their meaning plain and their influence is always on the wane.

Lucidity is commonly considered an outpost of ability; and by the same token ambiguity is taken as a confession of inability or chicanery. When you're clear you're little to fear. Language gauges the man.

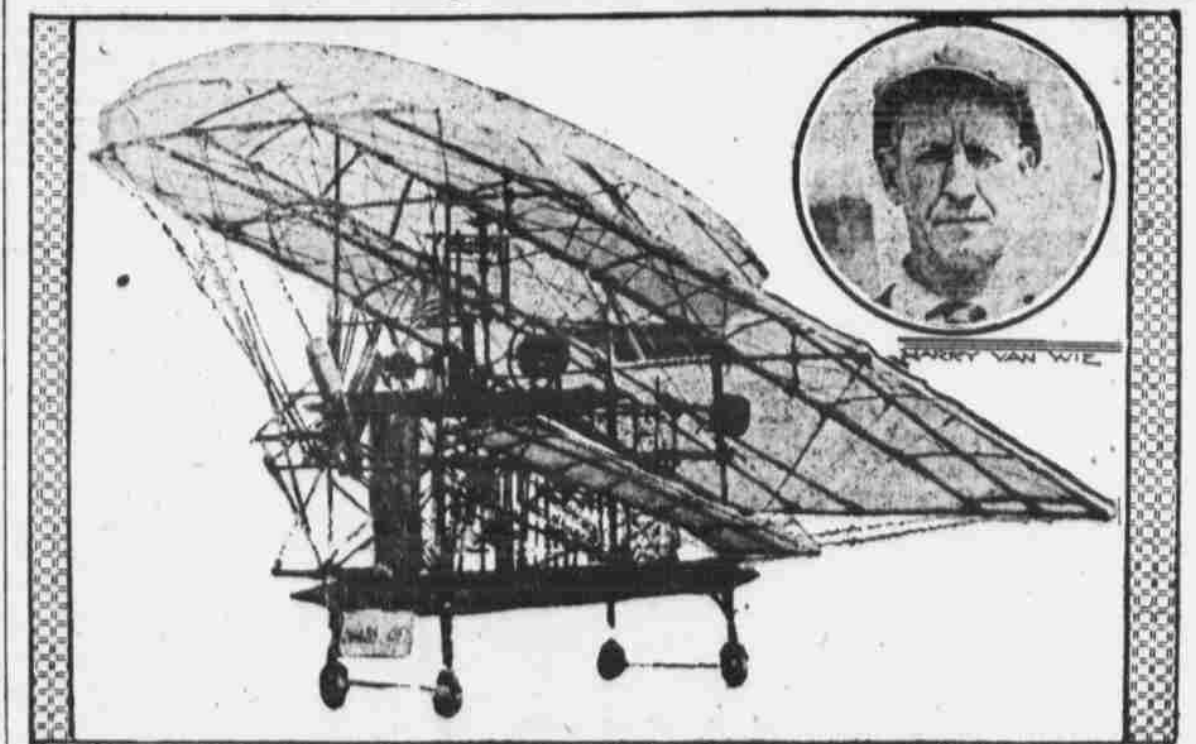
Time was when the dictionary habit was adjudged the moribund pastime of moss-backed bookworms and cranks. To-day every desk boasts its unabridged or good-sized Webster. It is out of fashion and execrable taste to sneer at the chap who has the "looking up" habit. You'll soon be looking up to him. Anyway, history favors conscientious cranks.

The elemental gold is not to blame if we shame and debase it on worthless, electro-plated trinkets. The rare metal is present all the time, but the corresponding mould isn't. So your language is there all the time; but it is up to you to cast the mould, to dress your thoughts in attractive clothes, in words which carry, which put your case across, WHICH CONVINCE THE OTHER FELLOW.

And in the final analysis, the extent to which the other fellow is convinced determines the extent of your success.

Look it up.

"Parasol Plane" Frisco Plumber Built; He'd Fly Across Pacific—When It Flies



HARRY VAN WILE, plumber, of No. 1229 46th Avenue, San Francisco, hopes before long to traverse the Pacific in a new type of heavier than air machine, which he calls a "parasol plane." The machine has been assembled in a hangar, evolved by cutting away the second floor of his residence, and moving his family to the top floor. The plane's top section, 18 feet in diameter, is shaped like a parachute, and below it are the main sections, 4 feet in width and spreading back 31 feet to the pale plane and direction

planes. Side controls are located below the main planes on each side. The machine is constructed of aluminum and oiled silk, is more than 17 feet high and 35 feet long. The deck for passenger and crew is 5 feet wide and 10 feet long. A trial flight held recently was unsuccessful, but Van Wile says with several minor changes he will be ready to revolutionize the flying industry. The above photograph shows a model of the plane from which the actual machine was built.

STENOGRAPHERS

Increase Your
SPEED
and Earn More
MONEY

HERMAN J. STICH
World Champion
300-Word-a-Minute
Stenographer
Will Tell You How

His Articles Begin
Next Monday
in the
EVENING WORLD
on This Page